

SHERIFF MANGUM WILL

RUN FOR RE- ELECTION

Announces as Candidate and Replies to Criticism of His Treatment of Frank

Rumors to the effect that owing to advancing years Sheriff C. Wheeler Mangum, would not again be a candidate for public office, are set at rest today by his formal announcement of his candidacy before the coming county primary.

Although the primary will not be held until next year two candidates are already in the field against Sheriff Mangum, and two others are said to be considering entering the race. In fact, the race is already running full blast.

Owing to a recent illness, from which happily he has now completely recovered, it was for a time rumored that Sheriff Mangum would retire from active life, and that one of his present deputies would head the ticket at the coming election.

Sheriff Mangum has now formally announced his candidacy, however, in a lengthy statement in which he replies to certain criticism in regard to his treatment of Leo M. Frank.

Sheriff Mangum's ticket, it is claimed, will receive practically the unanimous support of the members of the Atlanta bar because of the remarkably efficient administration of the affairs of the office of Chief Deputy John Owen, and the other members of his staff, who are going into a campaign with him again.

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Sheriff Mangum, who has long been known as one of the most popular men in the county declares, that he is confident that his friends will again stand by him and that the coming election will result in a victory.

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Sheriff C. W. Mangum Makes Announcement

To the Citizens of Fulton County:

Now that the wave of excitement and heat of passion incident to the Leo Frank trial has in a measure subsided I deem it advisable to address a few words to the voters and the people of the county relative to the many baseless, unfounded, and unfair rumors which have been circulated about my treatment of the county's prisoner, Leo M. Frank.

These rumors, many of which are too unreasonable to be dignified with a reply or denial, have largely originated with my personal and political enemies, solely for political purposes, but they have been given such wide and such ingenious circulation that I consider this statement necessary, not as a justification of anything which I have done, but in order that those who have listened to these rumors may understand the true facts in the case; in order that the good citizens of the county will not be misled by false statements originating with a few men who, for gain or spite, are willing to attack a man for the simple performance of his duty.

It has been said that I announced that I believe Frank innocent of the charge against him. This I emphatically deny. I have never made a statement of my personal belief in the case, but have only quoted the prisoner, when I was requested to do so, as saying himself that he was innocent.

C. W. MANGUM, Sheriff Fulton County:

During the trial I was criticized because I failed to handcuff Frank when he was carried from the jail to the court house during his trial. My enemies say that in doing this I violated the law. In this they willfully misrepresent or show themselves densely

ignorant. The law requires the sheriff simply to safeguard his prisoners, and this I have done.

Relative to my failure to handcuff Frank I say that it has never been the custom of myself or my deputies in our five years' service to the county, to handcuff a prisoner unless it was absolutely necessary, and I take occasion to say that of more than twenty who have been charged with murder during my administration, only three—George Burge, George Quarles, and Robert Clay—have worn steel cuffs, and these men were known as desperate characters. Bain, Darden, Garner, Reeves, Copeland, Vane, Matthews, McDonald, Parham, Camp, Folds and many others charged with murder, have been allowed to walk to their trials with un-manacled hands. Even negroes, when there is only one or two to be moved at a time, are not handcuffed unless there is some reason to believe that they will attempt to escape or to do violence to the guard.

In other words, whenever it is possible, without running any risk of allowing a prisoner to escape, we spare him the shame of appearing on the streets with manacled hands, be he white or black, Jew or Gentile. Of course, when a large number, often from twenty to forty, prisoners are being brought to court by two or three deputies, we find it necessary to manacle them in order to prevent their escape, but never when there is only one prisoner unless he is not only desperate but of such powerful build that in single combat, he might overcome even an armed deputy. Frank is a man of slight stature, a physical weakling.

I have also been criticized because I carried Leo Frank to and from jail in an automobile, when other prisoners have walked from the court of justice to the place of their incarceration. The reason for the use of the automobile is simple and obvious. There were many threats against the life of the prisoner and the sheriff's office had received many anonymous communications from people, who threaten to lynch Frank. Always there were crowds gathered about the court house to see the prisoner, and had I walked him to the jail he could have been surrounded by

people, some of whom might have attempted to do him harm; or in the surrounding crowds there might have been friends, who would have sought to liberate him.

Necessarily, I had to use an automobile to protect the prisoner and to guard him effectively, otherwise everyone of my deputies would have had to assist in guarding him, and they were need elsewhere. This machine belongs personally to one of my deputies and did not cost the county one cent.

My enemies have foolishly declared that I attend the Frank trial very day because of a personal interest in the fortunes of the prisoner, and that I had never before attended constantly on a criminal trial.

Not only had threats of violence against the prisoner then freely made, but there were many wild rumors that the Hillsboro affair would be repeated in the Frank case, and that the judge and other court officials were in constant danger.

While I did not credit these rumors I realized that never before had there been such intense feeling, both for and against a prisoner on trial in this county.

For that reason and that reason alone I attended constantly on the trial. Had violence been attempted I would never have forgiven myself, and the public would never have forgiven me, for allowing my deputies to stand without a leader against a mob, while I, the sheriff of this county, sat safe in my private office, unable to reach the scene of action, and the scene of my duty until it was too late to be of any actual assistance to my men. I was there because it was my duty to be there and for no other reason.

I have been criticized by many because they could not get seats in the court room and the charge that I showed partiality in this matter has been made. I deny the charge flatly and firmly. I was sorry that every man in the county, who had any desire to hear the trial could not do so, but space was very limited. That the court room was not large is not my fault as I have no control

over it. I was instructed by the judge, and it is my sworn duty to obey his orders to close the doors, when the seats in the room had been filled, and this I did.

Doubtless some parties were allowed to pass in and out of the room after the doors had been closed to the general public, but I deny the charge that they were all friends of Frank. They were attorneys, court officers, city detectives, policemen in plain clothes and in practically all instances their presence in the court room was necessary, and they had a right to demand and receive admittance.

That the court was filled with men of the same race as the defendant, I also deny. At practically every session there were ten Gentiles to every Jew in the room.

It has been said that Frank has been allowed privileges at the jail accorded no other prisoner. THIS IS A LIE AS PITIFUL AS IT IS BASE. HE HAS BEEN ALLOWED THE SAME PRIVILEGES, NO MORE OR LESS, ACCORDED EVERY OTHER PRISONER, REGARDLESS OF HIS COLOR, RACE OR CREED.

Like the officials of the federal penitentiary of Atlanta, and like all sincere students of criminology, I believe that as few hardships as possible should be placed upon the man whom the law has restrained of his liberty, and that prisoners should not be made to suffer unnecessary indignities.

But I also believe that every prisoner should be accorded the same treatment and discipline, and I can truthfully say that all prisoners in the Fulton county jail, since it has been in my charge, have been made to conform to the same rules and regulations.

Frank has had his meals sent to him from his home. I try to make the fare of the prisoners wholesome and substantial, but it is a rule that any prisoner whose friends or relatives desire to furnish regular meals or special delicacies can receive them, and this rule applies to negroes as well as white men.

If the friends of a prisoner, regardless of whom he is, care to furnish him with books and magazines, he may have them. If a prisoner is to be held for some length of time, and has the money to purchase some bit of furniture, which cannot be used as a weapon, to make his cell more comfortable, he can have it. This is a general rule, applicable to every prisoner alike. In the Fulton county jail there are not special rules made for one man or set of men. I try to do everything in my power, consistent with the same keeping of the men, to make their stay at the Tower at least comfortable.

It has been charged that I have shown Frank partiality by allowing his friends and relatives to visit him. In his connection I wish to say that in this, like everything else, he has been made to conform to the rules of the jail, and his friends and relatives have been allowed to visit here just as the friends and relatives of every other prisoner have been allowed to visit the Tower. If a prisoner does not desire to receive visitors I comply with his wishes in the matter.

I have been condemned by some because I refused to allow city detectives to question Frank over his protest. I want to say here and now with all emphasis at my command that I have NEVER KNOWINGLY ALLOWED A PRISONER IN THE TOWER TO BE PUT THROUGH THE "THIRD DEGREE" BY ANYBODY, AND I NEVER WILL SO LONG AS I HOLD OFFICE. I thus throw down the gauntlet; let him take it up who will—be he chief, captain or private. That my position in this matter is right is shown by the fact that only recently the court of appeals of this state has handed down a decision condemning the Third Degree and declaring evidence secured by means of it is valueless in a court room.

In connection with my administration of the jail, those who are familiar with conditions have declared the work of myself and deputies as remarkably efficient. This is largely due to the fact that all of the deputies on duty there work on ly eight horus per day instead of twelve hours as under former administrations. While this requires more men, and curtails the amount of money

which I personally derive from the office, the result has made me glad that I have adopted this policy, and I have the knowledge that more working men, laboring conscientiously eight hours a day, are sharing in the revenue of this office now than ever before.

The rumors about the sheriff which were current during the Frank trial are too numerous to mention in full. I did not try to deny them then, when passion and prejudice was at its height, but now in order that no part of the public may be misled by false rumors, I make this statement and clearly and emphatically state he has not received more privileges than other prisoners, but in some cases not as many.

My record is clean and clear. I have tried to do my full duty at all times, and nothing but my duty.

If the good people of Fulton county think that I am wrong in treating all prisoners decently and humanely or in refusing to allow them to be subjected to the "third degree" or other indignities, I am willing to stand by their verdict, and accept without rancor defeat at the coming primaries. However, I may add that I am fully confident of re-election to the high office I now hold, the duties of which I have done my utmost to discharge without "fear, favor or affection."

In the past I have been supported by an earnest and conscientious corps of deputies, and if there are any changes made in their personnel the public may rest assured that it will be done for the public good and not for political effect.

As above indicated, I am a candidate for re-election as sheriff of Fulton county, looking backward to a clean and honorable record, going forward with full confidence that the good people of Fulton county are not yet ready to rebuke and cashier a man for doing his sworn and bonded duty. With thankfulness in my heart for past support, and with a consciousness of duty done, I earnestly solicit your support and influence in the next primary.

Very Respectfully Yours,

C. W. MANGUM.

Sept. 20, 1913.

(Advt.)

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Paul Donehoo

Atlanta's Blind

Coroner

BY WARD S. GREENE

A CHILD of three lay in his white cot and cried because he was afraid of the dark. A moment before and the little room had been yellow with lamp light; now the dread unknown lurked in the black shadow that penned him close. They had taken the light away.

Two years later a child of five fell ill. On the third day, as he lay listless on the hot pillow, the light went out again, never to return. They told him he was struck stone blind.

Blindness is ever a tragedy, but it is a pitiful and incomprehensible thing for fate to seer the blue eyes of a little child. Only the week before his whole world was the world of the blue sky and the green trees; now he was muffled in the dark he knew would never go.

When Dick Helder, Kipling's great hero, felt the light go out, he said, "Let's curse God and die." Though the child of five did not

He speaks them, his thoughts must have been much like those of Dick Helder's, yet once the first horror of the blackness passed, once he had peeled himself to face the sightless future, in the pitch night that covered him, he found the bright star of hope.

Today that star of hope has brightened until the man who was the child of five, sees it luminous before him, blazing a path through the future, rimmed only by a seat to the United States senate.

Congress! That is the goal of ambition for Paul Donehoo, stone blind since meningitis gripped him twenty-three years ago and plunged him into the dark. The coronership of the city of Atlanta he feels is but a stepping stone in the making of a statesman.

BATTLE OF THE BLIND.

How the child of five battled with blindness until he conquered it in so far as to make him a man among men, is a story the whole of which Paul Donehoo himself and he alone can ever know. And the last chapter perhaps is yet to be written.

It was a day in May, 1890, when Paul Donehoo felt the light go out. A few weeks later he was a student in the Academy for the Blind at Macon, where men, women and little children are given new eyes in their finger tips and sixth sense for the one that's vanished. Many years later he was to serve on the board of inspectors of that same institution, appointed to the office by Governor Joseph M. Brown.

For eight years Paul Donehoo went to school. There he first began the training of the memory which has since become his greatest and most marvelous asset, and there, too, there came to him the first of his plans for the future, music as a profession.

Later the young graduate of the blind academy entered Mercer university, where for three years more he took a special course which still further stiffened the bulwarks of the brain which now so seldom tricks his memory.

He left Mercer feeling that in music he had found his life work. The germ of it had always been to him, the blindness had served merely to intensify it. Even as early as three years of age, he had taken a prize in Sunday school for singing and today he can listen to the sound of a far-off bell, go to the piano, and sound the bell note on the keyboard.

So, he came back to Atlanta, the city of his birth, here further to perfect himself in the calling he had chosen. The years of study were followed by years of teaching. The years of study were followed by years of teaching. The young blind man who played the piano with such skill, soon became a prominent figure in Atlanta musical circles, and before long Paul Donehoo had more pupils than he could teach.

WHERE MEMORY FAILED.

Music teaching for the blind is a task to try the metal of a Hercules. Before Paul Donehoo could teach a single piece to a single pupil, he himself must have that piece note by note at his fingers' end. Then indeed did that sturdy memory stand him in good stead. But even it, gigantic though its powers were, was not enough.

Every new pupil meant a new piece. And new pieces spelt ever longer and wearier hours of grueling memory work. He found his train seething with a myriad of notes and phrases. He was vanquished.

Besieged though he was with the stress of his occupations, the mind of Paul Donehoo, music teacher, yet found time to harbor dreams of another and far different sphere of activity. At the very time the demands of his profession were the greatest he discovered that he had been stung by the bee of politics. Like his father before him, he determined to cast his lot with those most interested in municipal Atlanta. He decided to run for coroner.

No sooner had this idea flashed itself upon him than he acted upon it. Giving up entirely his career as a music teacher, the young man announced his candidacy. Hardly before setting

foot on the course, he was victor in the race, and Fulton county for the first time in its history had a blind coroner.

Not only unique in the annals of Fulton county, it is believed to be unprecedented in any other county in the United States. Over in South Carolina today there is a blind coroner, but this man came into his office only after he had heard of Paul Donehoo and his success, had written here to find if it was really true that one could be blind and a coroner as well, and learning that it was indeed possible had determined to try his chances, and had been successful. It was Paul Donehoo who taught his fellow prisoners of the dark a new lesson in cusses.

CAREER AS CORONER.

Some there are who doubt the wisdom of having a blind coroner. Yet even these cannot but admire Paul Donehoo's handicapped career in that capacity. The law allows a coroner to receive pay for not over 150 inquests a year. In not one county in the state are this many recorded during any twelve months save in one county, Fulton. The first year of Coroner Donehoo's service he had an even 150 inquests, and every year since then the number has passed this mark.

One hundred and fifty inquests will more than prove the word of a man possessed of every sense and faculty. For one without eyes, they are doubly tedious and exacting. Yet, Paul Donehoo has buckled to his task with zeal and has even surpassed many of his predecessors in the office in his painstaking efforts.

For one thing, he has made an innovation in the taking of evidence. Other coroners have depended on subordinates to take down the evidence in cases. Not so coroner Donehoo. He is his own stenographer.

Even men who have served on his juries, time and again watch him with admiration and even envy at each new inquest. The witness tells his story, a long and rambling one, perhaps. At its conclusion the proceedings stop for a bit while Coroner

Donehoo addresses himself to his typewriter, snaps a sheet of long paper through the holder, and wades into the keys with nimble fingers. The spectators eye him in appreciative silence as he hums through line after line, gives a last slash and rip at the spacer, and zips up the sheet of paper. On it is as clear and correct a transcript of the witness' testimony as an expert stenographer, taking shorthand notes at every stage of the story, could have spliced together. The memory has served him well again.

It was but a short nine months after he had been elected coroner the first time—he is now serving his third term—that Paul Donehoo decided he could take a little time for other things. Some say that switching from music to law is like bridging the gulf between heaven and the other place; yet that is exactly what Paul Donehoo did.

HARDEST TASK OF ALL.

He entered the Atlanta Law school. Now indeed had that Herculean memory grappled with its twelfth labor. Music was child's play for his mind compared to the task of mastering the intricacies, word for word, of the law. References which other men in his class could look up again and again he was forced to hear once and file away in the index system beneath his skull. Briefs that others drew and read he had drawn that he might get them by heart. Yet did he succeed.

In two years' time the requisite course, he got his degree, was a full-fledged lawyer. He and a fellow student, went into the partnership which they still maintain.

Attorney Donehoo has set himself the hardest task of all. His place as lawyer, well though he fills it, is beset with difficulties. Again, must he turn to that memory for aid. His every pleading must be committed to memory. Others read them in court, he speaks them.

He has traveled alone from town to town about Georgia trying cases. But a few weeks ago he went to Cartersville, arriving

there alone in the dead of night. Yet he was fully capable of taking care of himself, turned up at court O. K. the next morning, took his pleas from his mind and told them to the judge, and won his case.

Student, teacher, coroner, attorney, all are but the notches which Paul Donehoo hopes will be cut below bigger and deeper ones in the stick of fame. The largest and deepest before him is his ambition for the United States senator-ship. Come when it may, he will find his memory backing him in the fight for it. This he asks himself: if Senator Gore, another blind man, could attain the goal, why cannot I?

THE SIXTH SENSE.

Sitting the other day in his office in the Third National bank building, Paul Donehoo declared that his memory was the greatest asset a blind man can have. There is another, he said, what might almost be called a sixth sense.

"When I am walking along the street," he explained, "I can feel a clay bank in front of me long before I reach out my hand and touch it. I can take a cane and tap every telephone post I pass just as I get opposite it. The other senses help me, especially in getting around the city. When I pass a drug store I can always tell it by the odor coming out."

"Same way with sounds. Many people have wondered how I could get aboard a street car without knowing what the sign said. Well, I know the exact schedules of every car in town. Here's my watch, closed case, with the crystal gone. I can feel and tell exactly what time it is. For instance, it's now six and a half minutes to 3 o'clock. If I was down"

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PAUL DONEHOO, ATLANTA'S BLIND CORONER

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

town now and heard a car coming I would know just which one it is.

"I at one time could tell them by the sound they make, and I can know a little. The West Peachtree cars always made a different sound because they were larger and longer. Of course, there are many cars just alike now and the schedules are often wrong, so I'm bound to make mistakes."

"When I'm on the car I can always tell just about where we are by the notes. I know each curve in many of the tracks. I can tell when we pass certain corners by the clank of the switch or the swell of the wheels in the track. And at Baker street there is always a different sound because the car passes through a wider space right there. And by the Candler building I can always feel the swift wind on my cheek and know just where are."

MUSICAL AIR MEMORY.

He was asked about his ear for music. "Can you hear a piece and then sit down at the piano and play it?"

"He can do better than that," said his partner. "You can call off the names of the notes to him and he'll sit down and play them. Once he had to memorize a piece of music thirty-five pages long. He started working on it at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and by the same time Sunday afternoon could play it."

"Do you hear that bell ringing down stairs?" said Paul Donehoo. The dull clang of an engine bell came up faintly from the railroad tracks. "If you'll go to the piano and strike E! you'll reproduce that sound."

"If you'll notice," he continued, "All the street car gongs in this town are pitched in exactly the same tone, or within one or

two notes of each other. I can recognize a good many of them and tell what cars they're on, and I can tell the cars by the ring of the push buttons, too."

To him the world seems to be a world of sounds, of smells, of touch, of taste, with that other indefinable thing that some call instinct and some a sixth sense. Asked what the world looked like to him as he remembered it last, Paul Donehoo knew but faintly.

REMEMBERS RED.

"The last thing I remember, I think, is an old horse that I went driving behind the day before I got sick. As for the rest of the world, I can't say. I have just a faint recollection of colors. I think blue, red and green are the only ones that I know now. If you say 'that brown book over there' the word 'brown' just means a word for distinguishing it in description to me. It doesn't convey any sort of picture to my mind. Red is really the only color of which I have a very vivid memory. I think I remember that only through fire. I guess I've got the best recollection of that old horse. I still go horse-back riding. It's my favorite exercise, just as it was Senator Gore's."

"No," he said, "I haven't tried anything else yet except music, law, and politics. Of course, I know about other things, many things that come-up in a practice, such as a medicine and measurements in engineering cases. You see, I've made my rule what Hooper Alexander said were the requirements of a well-educated man, 'One that knows everything about something, and something about everything.'"

FEE BARRED
AT
MUSICAL
ASS'N
SUNDAY
RECITAL

Mrs. John M. Slaton's
Conference

With Chief Beavers Fails to Obtain Special Dispensation.

An echo of Atlanta's recent Sunday movie war was heard Saturday night when it became known that City Attorney Mayson had ruled against the Atlanta Music Association charging admission to a Sunday concert on October 5 in the Atlanta Theater.

At the same time was solved the mystery of the visit to the police station Thursday afternoon of Mrs. John Marshall Slaton, wife of Georgia's Governor, and her long secret conference with Police Chief Beavers.

Mrs. Slaton, as president of the music association, was seeking information as to whether, under the Sunday laws, it would be permission for the association to charge a small admission fee to the concert.

Explains Plan to Chief.

Although the moving picture theaters were not allowed to open on Sunday and charge admission, Mrs. Slaton thought perhaps that the character of concert to be given by the musical association would not come in the same class.

To be sure of her ground, Mrs. Slaton drove to the police station in her auto Thursday afternoon and took up the matter with Chief Beavers, explaining to him in detail the plans of the association and asking if there would be any objection by the police to a small admission fee.

The Chief next sought a ruling from the City Attorney. Mr. Mayson studied the proposition carefully and reported that the only hope for the music association to realize on the concert would be to place a contribution box in the theater and receive voluntary offerings, as did the movies when they started their futile fight to operate on Sunday. He ruled that the law would not permit a regular, stated admission fee.

Whether the contribution box plan will be adopted by the musical association will be determined later.

Serious Problem Arises.

Officials of the association have been put to great expense in preparing for the concert on October 5, and this is the only reason an effort was made to charge admission. It merely was a desire to defray expenses.

Mrs. Slaton is expected to immediately take up the matter with other officials of the association and report the ruling of the City Attorney in order that some other plan may be devised.

The Atlanta Music Association has taken a recognized place in the artistic life of Atlanta, and means much for the city's educational development owing to the high standard it has sought to maintain, it is under heavy expense, and the decision barring admission fees creates a serious problem.
